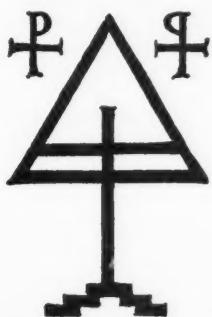


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# THE FIELD A FAR



A PAROCHIAL MANSION IN JAPAN.  
(Bishop Berlioz visiting one of his priests.)

VOL. XII. No. 1 + JANUARY, 1918 + PRICE 10 CENTS



*Amidst the smiling hills of "Penn"  
Snuggles the hopeful Vénards' den.*

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a sightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and eleven auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Twelve  
Number One

Maryknoll :: OSSINING, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1918

Price \$1.00 a Year  
Twelve Issues Yearly

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Checks and other payments may be  
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upon application.

1918.

*May it bring lasting peace to the  
world!*

*May the year that sees the flag  
of Christians again waving over  
Palestine, after a lapse of many  
centuries, witness also the deeper  
penetration into pagan lands of  
the Standard of the Prince of  
Peace!*

*May the coming twelvemonth  
bear a rich burden of God's bless-  
ings to all of Maryknoll's friends!*

\* \*

FOR we have seen His star in  
the east and have come to adore  
Him."

Thus spoke the Wise Men, who  
nightly for so many years had been  
scanning the heavens for the sign  
that should announce to them the  
coming of the Light of the World.

Today there are in the East  
other wise men who are dissatis-  
fied with their present beliefs,  
whose hearts yearn for a faith  
that is pure and noble and satisfy-  
ing, but who cannot find it for no  
star shows them the way. Are we  
ready to do all in our power to  
further the work of foreign mis-  
sions, and thus help to guide such  
souls to Christ?

\* \*

HERE are in Japan some thou-  
sands of people who have inher-  
ited the Christian faith from their  
ancestors to whom St. Francis  
Xavier preached. There are other  
Christians more recently converted,  
and there are about as many Prot-  
estants as Catholics in the Island  
Empire. This is not by any means

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a strong representation of Chris-  
tianity, but Japan is in close touch  
with Christian nations and many  
Japanese respect the Founder of  
the Christian religion.

Some time ago (and we learned  
this recently) a certain Japanese  
magazine published the picture of  
a crucified dog, with insinuations  
that were evidently intended for  
the followers of Jesus Christ, and,  
so far as we know, the publication  
was not rebuked. Surely the Jap-  
anese Government would not en-  
courage an insult of this kind, and  
we hope that the day may soon  
dawn when the voice of some  
strongly organized Catholic lay  
body in Japan shall be effectively  
heard in protest against such at-  
tacks.

\* \*

THE gaming season has again  
opened, and wild unsubscrib-  
ers can now be snared with im-  
punity. Accordingly, heralds have  
gone forth from Maryknoll to se-  
cure the names of all who wish to  
subscribe before the Millennium.  
(Imagine facing the Recording  
Angel without having ever taken  
THE FIELD AFAR!)

Results are encouraging. We

have a circulation of 35,000. We want 50,000—before passing the 75,000 mark. Yes, we are ambitious, but when an increase in the number of our subscribers means also an increase in the number of pagan souls reached by Catholic missionaries, we feel certain that you will approve our ambition.

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But och! my ha'ir beats a' the more  
When it gaes back on Ne'e'rdee

days!

Wi' oatmeal cakes and freen'y flask,  
A Scottish welcome waits me there,  
An' a' the haggis aye could ask—

To think o' makes my ha'ir fu' sair.

When midnight chaps upon the 'nock,  
Wi' sleep is closed nae clansman's ee—

A nee'bor taps upon the lock,  
And Scotland wakes wi' Ne'e'rdee.  
Though far frae hame in Freedom's land,

Fu' mony a Scot, without a doot,  
Will gie his freen' a Ne'e'rdee hand  
An' sit and watch the auld year oot.  
Briether Sandy. *Maryknoll 1918*

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This reprint from *The Ecclesiastical Review* deserves wide distribution. Although a native clergy is ever the ultimate aim of all foreign mission societies, yet many obstacles hinder the immediate realization of that aim. How to surmount these obstacles is lucidly set forth by Mgr. Freri, the National Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society.

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This is a valuable contribution to the study of oriental religions, written by a native priest. The author shows a profound knowledge of his subject from first hand acquaintance with its literature and sets forth both its theoretical philosophy and its superstitious practices. Those who are interested in the study of comparative religion will welcome this authoritative exposition.

*Native Clergy for Mission Countries*, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Freri.

This reprint from *The Ecclesiastical Review* deserves wide distribution. Although a native clergy is ever the ultimate aim of all foreign mission societies, yet many obstacles hinder the immediate realization of that aim. How to surmount these obstacles is lucidly set forth by Mgr. Freri, the National Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society.

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## Mission Medley.

IT is not surprising to find many educated persons without appreciation of Chinese accomplishments. The Orient was rarely alluded to in our student days. Europe, with its dynasties, its little battles that then seemed big, its art and architecture, was about the only part of the world outside of North America considered worth the spending of our time,—and later, of our money. Times are changing rapidly, however, in these days, and the Far East is beginning to compel the attention it deserves.

Appended to a recent request from the Middle West for THE FIELD AFAR was the following:

Be sure this is in Holland language. You need not send it if it isn't, for the party this is for cannot read anything else.

Alas! we have no bi-lingual department and so had to send back the dollar bill, but it was none the less a pleasure to note the interest taken by this emigrant of the Netherlands in foreign mission work. It is but another evidence of the great and *living* apostolic spirit which today is sending the sons and daughters of Holland into distant mission fields and filling to overflowing her foreign mission schools at home.

The apostolic spirit of a priest is revealed in these lines that have come to our notice recently:

I am a mere good-for-nothing, on whom Almighty God has had mercy and made me what I am, His priest for all eternity, in spite of my utter unworthiness.

As a student I experienced untold difficulties. Once my health gave way, first with gastric hemorrhage and then with ulceration of the stomach. A

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year later these complaints attacked me anew and I was sent to the hospital. I had two very serious operations, received the Last Sacraments twice, and was given up as hopeless three times.

Yet in spite of all these verdicts, behold, I live. I am not very strong, I confess, and I am well aware that sudden death may overtake me at any moment, but still I feel quite happy to have gone as far as I have done. My great desire is to go on the Foreign Missions, or at least to do something to further that great cause which has always been so dear to my heart.

Several of Maryknoll's friends have decided that the best place for a Liberty Bond is the safe of the Foreign Mission Society. Being polite, we couldn't hurt their feelings by refusing. Five such bonds have come to us recently. They do not mature for thirty years but our Society is willing to wait. The original holders were not sure of living that long, y'know, and naturally they wanted to be sure of the disposal of their property.

These bonds are well-named "Liberty." The truest liberty is that of the soul—freedom from sin and the shackles of Satan. Those who have the least of this true liberty are the poor untaught pagans. Think it over.

Eloquent proof of their interest in Maryknoll has been given by several good friends, who have sent offerings to furnish rooms in our new St. Joseph's. Already nine of our thirty cubicles have been christened, as listed below:

St. Joseph  
St. Catherine of Siena  
St. John Nepomucen  
Sts. Philip and James  
St. Francis of Assisi  
Bernadette of Lourdes  
St. Crescentia  
In Memory of Mary Josephine Nolan

In Memory of Hannah Maguire

On the other hand, many saints, apostles even, are still waiting for some one to name a room in their honor. Now just how are you going to explain to your patron saint that —?



## The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

THAT morning, October the fifth, the Archbishop took me to the Jesuit establishment and to the school conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. I found Fr. Chablotz enjoying his stay.

We then went towards the convent, scraped the mud from our shoes, stepped gingerly on to the highly polished floor and were soon in train for a rapid inspection, under the guidance of the Superior and Miss Nobechi.

Over the ocean we priests are usually brought into class-rooms, welcomed by every teacher, and often urged to say a few words to the pupils. Here, however, with schools under Catholic auspices we are reminded that most of the pupils are pagan, and that some of the teachers are likewise afflicted. There is no disposition to urge "a few words, Father," or even an entrance into the class-room, and I found myself leaving with a somewhat disappointed feeling.

At Yokohama, I fear that I must have offended. In some unaccountable way I managed to face a class-room of adults and I took advantage of the opportunity to tell them about the strength of Catholicity in America, and to explain how we were trying to be consistently Catholic as well as patriotic. By the time I reached Tokyo I looked for no further opportunity. Espionage is in fashion today and it seems to permeate the atmosphere of this country—so much so that at times one hesitates to take a long breath, lest he should start up some automatic police alarm. For a long time I have heard that the Catholic Faith makes little progress among the Japanese, and I am beginning to realize this, though not without a glimmer of hope for the future.

Tokyo itself is a city of more than two million inhabitants, and in the entire diocese there are nearly sixteen millions of people, all told. Of them ten thousand are Catholics, or one in six hundred. Assisting the Archbishop at this writing, in the regular work of the diocese there are eighteen priests (three Japanese), and several

of these are far along in years. Ten young priests are registered as "at the front in France." As a rule the parishes are in charge of the diocesan priests but at Yokohama, where two venerable Alumni of the Paris Seminary reside, some of the work is done by the Marianist Father alluded to above.

At Tokyo there are six parishes, with schools attached, and several institutions that are making visible and rapid progress. Among these are the school above mentioned, conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur, and the Jesuit establishment. Anxious to get a better insight into the Jesuit work, I went back, as promised, for dinner



PAGAN SHRINES AT NIKKO

and was very kindly received. The main building is new, of red brick, and has a commanding situation. It is higher than the ordinary Japanese structure and the style of architecture is European. The property covers about five acres and is of considerable value. There are eight priests under Fr. Hoffman, the Rector, and no fewer than seven nationalities are represented, including German, American, Swiss, French and Japanese. Ninety students follow courses here, and of these some ten or twelve are Catholics. The course given has some resemblance to a college course in the United States, and the principal subjects taught are Philosophy, Literature, Science and Commerce. The priests are all constantly occupied and they are aided by thirteen Japanese instructors, one of whom, a naval officer, teaches finance.

In our accepted sense of the term the Jesuit establishment can hardly be called a university, but it follows the custom accepted here. *The University* is known as The Imperial University, a Government institution from which it is the ambition of every aspiring youth to graduate. The waiting list, I am told, is usually ten times the number of students accepted. Those who cannot wait to enter or who are turned down find openings in private universities, the largest of these being

the *Keio*. The Jesuits have provided another opening for such students, and although at first they found themselves instructing students not altogether promising, the standard has gradually risen and they are convinced that the result of their work will before long manifest to the Japanese the value of their special training.

The initial expense of this undertaking was naturally borne by the Society of Jesus, but the establishment will gradually become self-supporting, and it is partly so now. Two of the Fathers teach outside, one of them at the Imperial University, and this service brings some additional revenue. I left the Jesuits, convinced that they will effect much good and impressed with their condition which, for lack of information published in the United States, I had been led to believe not altogether hopeful.

Two other self-supporting houses I saw after this: one the Academy of the Sacred Heart, the other the Morning Star School.

The Academy of the Sacred Heart was a revelation. It has an excellent property on the outskirts of the city, which we reached in an hour's ride. My companion on this excursion was a Japanese priest, official pastor of the Cathedral parish. I tried on him what slender stock of languages I had, but he smiled at every attempt. He was useful, however, when we made car transfers, for his Japanese hit the mark every time.

The day was rainy, and the narrow streets were alive with great bobbing sunshades. I was quite a curio, with my raincoat and felt hat. Straw capes hung from the shoulders of working-men like thatch. Men harnessed and pulling great loads of merchandise carried sunshades as they walked. Wet feet were rare, for the majority flopped along with each foot strapped to a piece of board under which were fastened two smaller pieces, keeping the wearer elevated a couple of inches at least above the street so that his feet were quite clear of dampness and mud.

It was pouring when we reached the convent, and as I looked in on the immaculate floor I felt like a tramp—but I went in, as a tramp would have done.

The place is already quite as extensive as some of the largest convents in the United States. There are twenty-three choir nuns and ten lay sisters. The language school has one hundred and twenty Christians, representing many races but the majority born in Japan. In the Japanese section are taught one hundred and eighty daughters of well-known pagan families. In this section Japanese lay teachers, men and women, are found,

and Catholic emblems are not desired here.

The Sacred Heart nuns deserve great credit for the absolute confidence in God which has made possible their splendid development in Tokyo. They have already attained success and won the confidence of many highminded and influential Japanese.

Sunday, October 7th, presented an unusual opportunity. It was the centenary of the foundation of the Marianist Brothers and a day of rejoicing in the Catholic Church of Tokyo. The Archbishop was due to pontificate in the College chapel, and the Community Mass was mine to offer—for the faithful of the diocese.

To me, a stranger, it was most interesting and edifying, this public Mass in the pretty little Gothic Cathedral. A foreigner—an American, I understood—in the first pew, was the only racial exception. The mats were lined with the squatting figures of Japanese, men on the Epistle side and women on the Gospel side. An old catechist led the prayers, which continued, with slight interruptions, throughout the



"The idea of worship is always associated with fear . . ."

Mass. At the Elevation of the Host and of the Chalice the usual profound silence was followed by reverent ejaculations from all. A goodly proportion of those present received Communion, and after Mass a short exhortation was given in Japanese by the pastor. There was no rush for the exit and no hurry to get away after the services.

At eight o'clock we left for the celebration. The Archbishop, who usually dresses rather shabbily, had his best hat dusted for the event, and we sortied majestically through the wide-opened gates of the compound, out into the alleys, and later into the widened streets of this populous city.

The signal for Mass brought us to the chapel, which is not at all proportioned to the personnel of a school with more than a thousand pupils but is adequate for the number of Christians there. The *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was sung as the Archbishop went to his throne and the chant of the Mass was well rendered—the Solemnus edition being used.

The Brothers did most of the chanting but some of the younger boys also sang—and their high voices, somewhat hesitating and a little piping, were restrained and to my ear pleasing.

We went into the yard at the close of Mass and I looked through some of the buildings. They are extensive, but appear somewhat dingy and the worse for wear. They tell, however, the story of hard, painstaking and successful work accomplished by these loyal sons of Fr. Chaminade, who have made a visibly strong impression on the city of Tokyo as elsewhere in this island Empire.

At eleven o'clock we assembled again for the panegyric and Benediction. Fr. Steichen, of the Cathedral, was the preacher and he was evidently effective. He spoke very fluently in Japanese, of which language I am told he is a master.

Then came the dinner, interrupted with oratory, song, chronicle, and occasional banzais. At the close, Fr. Heinrich, the Marianist Provincial, thanked everybody in sight, including the man who had come from America to represent that country on the occasion. (Brothers of Mary at Dayton and elsewhere in the U. S. will please take notice!)

This was Sunday, and it felt like the Lord's Day until we came out again into the city and I realized that I am not in a Christian land. There are two days of rest each month here, besides the state holidays, but Sunday means nothing to the pagan world.

I left the Archbishop's house in Tokyo, on the afternoon of October 8, for Nikko, a four-hour journey.

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By advice I am travelling second-class. The cars are narrow, arranged with long benches on either side as in some American electric cars. Everyone who entered, man, woman, or child, kicked off his or her shoes, mounted to the seat, and squatted cross-legged, leaning back on the heels. The children were all over the car every few moments, but they never mounted the seats without dropping off their little shoes. Two worthies at one end of the train faced each other on the seat, enjoyed a meal of rice with chopsticks, and after a two-minute smoke curled up, each in his own three feet of space, and went to sleep.



RT. REV. ALEXANDRE BERLIOZ,  
BISHOP OF HAKODATE.

Towards Nikko I struck up an acquaintance with two youths. After the usual exchange of cards we settled down to business, and I began: "Tokyo big city—two millions?"

Smiles came back—and nothing more. Then I printed it,—legibly, if I do say so! Immediately the answer came:

"Yes—father, mother, one sister, two brothers—yes!"

I expressed great satisfaction, and we continued until my friends reached their station.

Nikko is the site of famous shrines to which Buddhist and Shinto pilgrims flock daily, by hundreds and thousands, to propitiate their hideous gods or to pray to the spirits of their ancestors. There is no Catholic priest in Nikko, and no Catholic church, but there is an Episcopal church which is served by a resident clergyman for part of the year and by visitors at other times.

#### JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

(Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

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The temples open at eight in the morning. It seemed strange to have no opportunity for Mass and to be on the way to see paganism in the making.

I have seen these temples pictured and was prepared for disappointment, but the reality is even more beautiful, from the material point of view, than the representations. We were soon in the midst of marvelous lacquer work, intricate carvings, hideous idols, stolid Buddhas, and green-robed Shinto priests.

As the pilgrims approached the temple each group was met by a priest, who was dressed in a kind of chasuble over what might, at a distance, be taken to be an alb, and who wore a black cap hardly less odd in shape than our birettas. On entering, the pilgrims were lined up and given a signal to squat. The priest then read in a monotonous tone several prayers, while his hearers bowed in adoration of the spirits of their ancestors. All was over in a few moments. Each pilgrim then folded a coin in a piece of paper and laid it on the table.

Crossing the court of the temple, my guide led me to a small shrine, on the floor of which sat a Shinto priestess clad in white. She was wrinkled and solemn and my entrance made no impression on her. Later a group of pilgrims came in. The priestess then arose, opened her fan, and made some slow gyrations, which drew from the respectful spectators a wealth of small coins cast at the lady's feet. Later in the day I saw another priestess, apparently younger, walking through the main street of Nikko, ringing a bell and followed by a crowd.

What impresses, or rather depresses, me as I look into the religious customs here is the utter absence of love for God. The idea of worship is always associated with fear, fear of impending calamities, loss of life, of property, of opportunities for advancement. God as a kind Father is not considered,—and yet I have heard Christians at home—such as they are—ask if we should disturb pagans in their religion. The atmosphere of a pagan temple, if it could be transferred as readily as a moving picture film, would help to make such Christians realize their own advantages, and would perhaps stimulate them to spread the blessings of Christ to others.

I left Nikko shortly after noon. On

the train to Sendai I met a Japanese naval officer who had studied at Annapolis. When he learned my mission he expressed the hope that we would send American priests to Japan, and stated his regret that some American sects had exported an inferior grade of workers.

We arrived at Sendai on time, shortly after nine o'clock, and I actually fell into the arms of Bishop Berlioz who was accompanied by his vicar general, Fr. Jacquet, and a wee Japanese priest with a straggling beard.

Sendai is a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and since my arrival two days ago I have not seen an American or a European, an electric car or an automobile. We are in old Japan and things are quiet here.

There are Americans in the town, however, even if I have not seen them. The property owned and controlled by various Protestant societies is large enough for a good University, with athletic fields and dormitories, and I am assured that if I did some fishing I could find a score and more of my compatriots.

The Catholic churches are three,—a small Cathedral in the north end, a cozy little church in the west end, and at the south the beginning of a third mission. The diocese extends far to the north and has twenty-two priests, with ten back in France toiling as soldiers.

The Cathedral compound resembles that of Tokyo, as does the Church itself. There are no rival architects in Japan, where Catholic churches have been planned and built directly under the supervision of our priests. Bishop Berlioz occupies, in normal times, a house which is used for the priests' retreat and other purposes and where all of the Cathedral staff dine throughout the year. Fr. Jacquet and the Japanese priest live in a separate establishment,—and both houses are stamped with the mark of poverty.

The Bishop had to walk back to his parish—about two miles—that night after seeing me settled, and this left me in his own palace (!) alone. He had brought me to his room, where I got something of a start on discovering that he slept habitually on a mat, but I was assured of a sleep when I found a real bed in the next chamber.

The Cathedral of Sendai has no benches. As I entered the next morning at 6:30, I found a dozen people squatted on the mats and the little Japanese priest making his thanksgiving.

The vestments and sacred vessels are in perfect condition and a spirit of

reverence permeated the church. After Mass I was shown an attractive statue of the Sacred Heart, which "the good Père Dunn of New York gave me," as Bishop Berlioz afterwards explained, and a monstrance which came "from a lady" through the same much-esteemed source.

Fr. Jacquet, the vicar-general, left the Paris Seminary in 1881 and has never returned to Europe in these thirty-six years. He is a quiet, dignified man, has spent his patrimony on this mission, and is respected by all classes in Sendai. Three times a week he teaches French at the University, and his services are often sought by those high in authority, but his zeal for souls never flags.

When he goes out into the narrow streets the children double up and say, "Jachy-San," which means something like "Lord Jacquet."

When the Bishop arrived that first morning we three went over to the convent conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. There are five Sisters here, including a Japanese, and the school is making steady progress. The pupils number several hundred. Most of these are pagans and they are taught principally by lay teachers, under government supervision, but the Sisters come in frequent contact with all the pupils and exercise a strong and often lasting influence. The school is practically self-supporting, or will be so shortly.

There is no Catholic hospital at Sendai, but the Sisters of St. Maur have a little house near their convent, opening into a public street and provided with the essentials requisite for a dispensary.

That day a young priest came for

dinner—young in the sense that he was under forty, while the average priest to be found today in Japan is an old man. He had been reformed,—which means that he was not found strong enough to go to the war.

With the Bishop and this priest—Fr. Montagu—I walked over to the Bishop's parish that afternoon and we found the city in gala attire. Flags were flying, gay lanterns were hung, and tinsel strings fluttered in the breeze. Every one had on his or her best clogs; and the babies bobbing on their mothers' backs looked like gorgeous butterflies. At the amusement park there was much action but little noise. Most interesting was the temporary establishment of two shrines, set up like lemonade booths,—one for Buddhist worshippers, the other for those who favored Shinto rites. Two Shinto priests sat facing each other across a table. Every few moments some one from the crowd would approach, toss a coin on the table, and adore the spirits of his ancestors. The Buddhist bonzes were likewise busy.

Breaking through the crowd, we continued our promenade out along by the "River of Martyrs" where Christian blood once flowed, until we came to an alley that brought us to the mission temporarily occupied by the Bishop.

This spot has a large place in the Bishop's heart and is the subject of his day dreams, for he has planned to establish here what he hopes will be the future strength of his diocese,—a seminary for the training of native priests, to multiply largely the few excellent examples which he has at present. It will be a great blessing to the diocese of Hakodate when native priests become more numerous, but a present difficulty is not only the lack



TRAPPIST MONKS IN THE FIELD AFAR

of means but the lack of satisfactory subjects.

Today in the diocese of Hakodate there are three Japanese priests. The one who resides at the Cathedral has matured in his priestly life. He is zealous, well-informed, a credit to the Church, and a comfort to his Bishop. The other two are brothers, the elder ordained about six years ago, the other very recently. Both are alumni of the Propaganda in Rome, and give excellent promise.

from adult pagans,—and today his first house is occupied by a domestic and his family, while a new house of two stories provides in the upper portion, by shifting partitions, a chapel large enough for the congregation and, below, living rooms for the priest himself.

I had been much pleased the day before with the Bishop's little Japanese home, but Fr. Montagu's was the last word in neatness. There was no question about taking off our shoes,—we did it instinctively, as this dignified

other a Wanamaker establishment on a small scale. From the baker's family had come the two young Japanese priests mentioned above.

The experience of these visits was pleasant and I left with a feeling confirmed by the Bishop's tribute, that there were people truly sincere, honest, intelligent, and full of faith.

Friday morning gave us clear weather for a change. I suggested that this would be a convenient time for a pending operation, and the Bishop accompanied me to the barber who cuts the precious hairs of American and English residents. The operation usually means in Japan a long holiday for the subject, but the Bishop "japped" that I had only twenty minutes to spare and the whole family got busy.

The cutting was followed by graceful and rapid strokes of the hair,—the artist striking an attitude occasionally and listening, as if to assure himself that my head was really empty. Just as all kinds of lotions came into view I borrowed the brush, patted the pate, bowed to the Bishop, paid my ten cents and said, "Sayonara," which means "Good-bye."

Speaking of hair-cuts we passed several bonzes—Buddhist priests—that day. These gentlemen have their heads shaven and carry beads in their hands. Some of them are mendicant and go about two by two, seeking alms. There is a school at Sendai for the training of youth destined to be bonzes. I was pleased to learn from Bishop Berlioz that quite a few Japanese bonzes had embraced the Faith and had made excellent converts. Among them were some whose sacrifice was considerable. Habitually these men are zealous in making known the fact that they have passed from the superstitions of Buddhism into the clear light of Jesus Christ.

After lunch I left for Fukushima, to visit Fr. Defrennes, one of Maryknoll's correspondents. At the station we backed into rickshaws and in about fifteen minutes found ourselves out of town, on a commanding height which overlooks not only the city but a very attractive reach of country beyond.

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MAKING THE ROUNDS IN A JAPANESE PARISH

The Bishop will need some English books for his seminary library, reference books particularly; and, here, as well as at the seminary in Tokyo, a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia would receive an especially warm welcome. A few years ago, Dr. James J. Walsh provided Maryknoll with several duplicate copies of his books—enough to supply quite a few missionaries. Some of these books came to Japan and have already accomplished much good. We at home, who are almost burdened with duplicate copies of excellent works, do not realize what a god-send our surplus would be to the missions.

Later on we visited Fr. Montagu's post. Fr. Montagu began his little mission with nothing and nobody except himself. The Bishop managed to get him a small piece of ground on which he constructed a Japanese house with its kitchenette, sleeping, and reception rooms. That was a few years ago and even now an addition of one to his flock is an event. He has been in the high-ways and by-ways of his neighborhood, has encouraged the children to use the mission compound for their play ground, has held himself ready at any moment to receive visits

clean-cut priest waited for us in his slippers.

The side of the house, open to the compound, revealed as we approached a simple beauty that sprang from the spirit of poverty and good taste combined—and the home of Jesus on the second floor with the altar of wood—a "Père Dunn gift," as I recall—was a model of its kind.

A young man entered the compound shortly after our arrival and the priest gently dismissed him, explaining to me that the visitor was getting interested and had come to make inquiries about the Catholic Faith.

I asked what hope there was for a stronger development of the little parish and the answer came, "Good, if I can get a catechist."

When I asked if none could be procured the priest smiled, and looked at the Bishop—his banker. Bishop Berlioz explained that it costs much more now than formerly to support a catechist, and that it would require 25 yen, \$12.50, a month.

Returning from Fr. Montagu's the Bishop introduced me to two of his "best families." Each kept a store: one a cracker and cookie factory, the

Fr. Deffrennes' church is another New York contribution. It is built of wood and is not so large as it appears from a distance. It is approached by a long flight of solid steps that look like the entrance to a temple, and must strike the heathen worshippers who pass it to make their supplications at a great shrine not many hundred feet in the rear.

The catechism class was awaiting Fr. Deffrennes' return and I had to pose as an intelligent examiner. There were five boys and five girls. All passed so far as my marks went, and I gave to each a faded cracker. During the examination those children who had not been heard recited their lessons aloud by themselves and the sound was not soothing. This catechism lesson is given daily, and on Sunday at the close of Mass everybody, man, woman and child, in the congregation is subject to a catechism call.

The little mission counts 47 Christians, of whom 20 are the parents and 27 the children. Away from the town in scattered settlements there are a few more.

"Not much of a parish," you say. No,—and yet in such a parish a priest here finds his day filled with labor and his hours passing rapidly. Fortunately these men do not count results by figures. They are preparing a barren soil, fertilizing it with their prayers, their sacrifices, and their good works. Every soul gained is to them something more precious than all the gold on this earth.

It grew dark soon after the children left, and Fr. Deffrennes lighted his one lamp. The house is an up-and-down affair, built on the steep hill-side, so that from the third story we can walk out directly to the Church. It was poorly furnished, and the only suggestions of indulgence were a harmonium and a pipe. Fr. Deffrennes enjoys both as means of relaxation.

The angelus bell summoned us to prayer and dinner, and by the aid of the lamp and a steep stair-way we reached the dining-room, a dingy one. An elderly Japanese woman whose smile was exceeded only by her curiosity waited on us. It is needless to say that she was also the cook, which made the situation more acute. Each of us had set before him a tray of five small covered dishes,—and a pair of chop-sticks. I gasped. It was up to me, however, and I chop-stuck it out, but when it came to a dish of raw fish after I had eaten samples of two other kinds of sea-food (this was Friday) I remonstrated. At the close of the chop-stick exercise the trays were removed and fruit was served with a real knife.

When the missioner's pipe was filled we sauntered out, down into the

narrow streets, to visit a Christian family. It was once a very common form of propaganda, Fr. Deffrennes told me, to hold conferences in individual houses, as people were curious to hear about the Christian religion, and he had spent many an evening in this way. He added, however, that our separated brethren had talked so much on the street corners that conferences had become less popular.

Several Protestant sects occupy this town of Fukushima. All are within the precincts of the town and are well backed by the home treasuries. I could not but compare the apparently lonesome life of my companion with that of the average Protestant missioner, but I am certain that if the comparison ever occurred to him, he would not be disturbed ever so little.

By pushing screens that night I opened the side of the house and slept in a room that was amply furnished,—with air and not much else. The next morning I backed into the "ricky" while Fr. Deffrennes took his bicycle, and we made for the train which, like most Japanese trains, was on time.

*"These are they whom we had sometime in derision....We fools esteemed their life madness. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints."—Wis. v. 3, 5.*

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#### LUMBAGO

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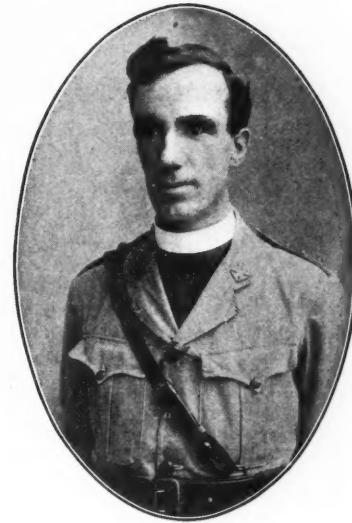
**AFRICA**—Letter, Fr. Stam, Mumias. Letter and photograph, Fr. Rogan, E. Africa.

**CHINA**—Letters, Fr. McArdle, Kashung. Letters and photographs, Fr. Durand, Mei-Hai-Mei; Fr. Quang, Kin-hwa-fu. Promise of two Masses, Fr. Bengoa, Hankow.

**INDIA**—Letter, Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry. Photographs and cancelled stamps, Fr. Merkes, Madras. Photograph and promise of Mass, Fr. Playoust, Ayyampet. Promise of Mass, Fr. Bonnefond, Attipakam. Photographs, Fr. Barbaza, S. J. Tellicherry; Fr. M. Joseph, Padrigudi.

**BURMA**—Letters from Bishop Cardot, Rangoon.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**—Letters from Fr. Nijsters, Surigao; Fr. De Samber, Benquet. Promise of two Masses, Fr. van Berkel, Carrascal.



FR. ROGAN.

As others see him, this is Fr. Peter Rogan, missioner, poet, and one-time special Uganda correspondent of THE FIELD AFAR.

From his mission of Mumias Fr. Rogan was sent last spring to "what used to be German East Africa," as Chaplain of the Native Carrier Corps. This fact explains

the "regimentals" in the accompanying photograph—which we shall treasure for use on those Prayer Prints Fr. Rogan once requested us to issue after his long-planned death "in the odor of sanctity."

May a speedy end to the war enable Fr. Rogan and all other "exiled" missionaries to return soon to their interrupted labors!

Another Irish priest in Africa who was called from his mission to serve as Army Chaplain is the Rev. B. F. MacLoone. Fr. MacLoone also has sent his photograph which shows him to be quite as handsome an officer as Fr. Rogan.

He writes, "Now let people see me and die!" but as we cannot afford to kill our subscribers we content ourselves with publishing, instead, this record of his last "safari."

I had 9 baptisms, 119 confessions, 145 Communions, and administered Extreme Unction to 5. I brought a big crowd of children to the mission, to be instructed for Baptism. I wonder if you could help me to buy a few wee Busoga babies. Do, please.

From Natal, South Africa, came recently a letter from Mother Paul who, with her companion nuns, left New York in October, 1916, for her Uganda mission. For over a year these good Sisters have been travelling, or waiting for means to travel, back to their mission field where illness and scarcity of workers made their presence doubly necessary. While stopping at Natal Mother Paul has been dreaming dreams of the future of Maryknoll. She writes:

Let me tell you of *Mariannhill*, for it reminds me of Maryknoll. You will want your place to be just like this in its future developments—it is ideal!

#### NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

*Mariannhill* is the home of a South African society of "Missionary Monks." Until recently the Fathers and Brothers were Trappists, but the strict Trappist rule and the needs peculiar to the African missions were found to be incompatible. *Mariannhill* consists of twelve thousand acres. There are now seventy-two Fathers and one-hundred eighty-eight Brothers, with forty thousand Kaffir Catholics here and thirty out-missions. The monks have trade-shops of every kind—blacksmith, carpenter, tanner, baker, tinner, brick-making, stone-cutting, glass-staining with artistic composition of church

the development of the founder's plans, and the result is harmony.

#### CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Having been at it longer than anyone else, the Chinese in their celebration of New Year's naturally outclass the rest of the world. Of all their feasts, this is easily first. (They have yet to hear of Christmas, remember!)

From the advent of the new moon on the first of January until it reaches its fulness on the fifteenth the Chinese people celebrate the birthdays of all their gods and all their ancestors. Actual religious worship is usually confined to the first two days, and to one or two other special feast days. On the first day of the New Year the men go to the temples to pray, burn incense, and leave their offerings of food or money. On the second day the women follow suit. The remaining time is mostly spent in revelry.

Naturally there cannot be too much color, feasting, and heavenly noise. In the towns, where the most extravagant celebrating occurs, the streets are riotous with color: everywhere the picturesque symbolical Chinese lanterns, draped along the streets in wavering lines or suspended before the closed shops with messages of good will to all; here and there queer chandeliers with colored glass pendants, like planets in the milky ways; flags and streamers innumerable, fashioned from bright silks and embroidered in grotesque figures; in open spaces, temporary arbors decorated with profusions of flowers, ribbons and gay lights.

Underneath this canopy of gorgeous colors, through the festive streets, walk the revelers. Of these the most picturesque figures are the women. Wearing elegant silk costumes of vivid hue, with fantastic headgear and scented hair, their olive cheeks tinted a delicate pink, these tiny daughters of the Sun in their queenly splendor reduce the glory of Solomon to the lustreless drab of an undertaker.



NEW YEAR'S IN AFRICA

windows; stock raising; agriculture; printing, bookbinding (all their own school, hymn, prayer, and Rule books); a mill; a museum, in which beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., found on their property are beautifully preserved. There is a beautiful church for the natives; the monastery church, with many side chapels, for the monks; and a pretty chapel for the convent.

The Sisters have trade shops for the Kaffir girls and women, who are fast becoming experts in machine and hand sewing. The Sisters rise at 4:30. They all assist in the fields and with domestic work. Every month they make and send out 40,000 small and 4,000 large altar breads. We are quite at home, for the Superior and the head teacher are from Buffalo, N. Y.! Think of that! The Superior has been here twenty-eight years, and the Sister eighteen.

*Mariannhill* preserves the little hut of corrugated iron in which its founder lived for many years. He had a horse and buggy, no money, and few companions. Confidence in God, hard work, and perseverance have been his capital, and all the rest followed. The Sisters coöperate with the Fathers in

Like our Christmas, the Chinese New Year is a time of special joy to the children who, besides receiving gifts of toys and money from their parents, have the additional delight of exploding vast streams of firecrackers to keep the devil away.

Feasting is continual. As no orthodox Buddhist or Confucianist conducts business of any sort during the festive days, an enormous amount of provisions must be laid in before the festivities start. It is a common custom for relatives to go from home to home visiting, feasting, and celebrating. This custom has penetrated to European civilization, with varying degrees of popularity. It is also responsible for the mother-in-law (so-called) joke.

Entertainment has a variety of forms. As almost every town in

drama has no apparent end, the same play going on for days, with fresh actors taking up the parts where the former ones leave off.

On the night of the full moon, the fifteenth of the month, revelry reaches its height, the very zenith of merry-making. This is the occasion of the final and most brilliant demonstration of all. The radiance of the brilliant moon is quite dulled by the sumptuous colors and the dazzling lights, with their shivering reflection in the waters of the river; fireworks fill the night with a blizzard of fiery sparks and a deafening roar, while pretentious skyrockets bravely try to jump over the moon. Through it all, the gayly-clad crowd seethes back and forth continually, trying to cram the greatest possible ecstasy into the last few moments of their celestial Feast.

#### INDIA.

It is one of the oldest among the Mill Hill missionaries who writes from Madras. Fr. Kroot is one of two brothers, both priests, the elder of whom died some years ago in India. He is characterized by a friend who knows him well as "a nice old man" and a keen observer. Fr. Kroot writes:

It's a queer world we are living in. God alone knows how it will all end. The Holy Father, voicing the desire of the Divine Heart, keeps on crying, *Pax! Pax! Et non erit pax.* What terrible punishment will follow in the wake of this cruel, inhuman, un-Christian bloodshed? Can it be that the final breaking up of the universe is at hand?

Monsignor Dunn's report, as given in your April issue, did make my mouth water! \$107,409.44 sent to the missions, besides the goodly amount sent to France for the same purpose, it is record of which New York may well be proud! And yet it is a bit tantalizing to find my poor Kurnool so step-motherly dealt with.

Possibly (I am still turning over the pages of *THE FIELD AFAR*), possibly the working people do contribute as you say to the Protestant missions, but I believe the greatest lump comes from "big business" quarters (perhaps for the easement of their souls!). An American Protestant missionary told us that from one man (in the oil trust) alone his mission receives yearly \$30,000.

Your Scotch-Chinaman from Glasgow speaks a true word when he says that what home-folks pity the missioner for is what he looks upon as merely the romance of his life. People never seem to give the real "hard crust" which he indicated a thought. And yet, take it from an old stager, disappointment, and falling away of one's Christians, these make up the bitter chalice.

It is well that your aspirants for the field afar should be prepared for this. It does require a strong vocation and a constant supply of supernatural help to be proof against this greatest of all difficulties in his chosen lot.

With kind wishes to all at Maryknoll, and a request for a prayer for poor self and still poorer mission,

Ever yours in Our Lord,  
A. H. Kroot, Miss. Ap.



NEW YEAR'S IN CHINA  
(Preparing the Dragon Float.)

China is owned by a river, boat races are a favorite attraction. Small dragon-shaped skiffs, painted red and gold, are built for the occasion. In these little barks, the oarsmen stand and scull their way to victory or defeat. Another source of amusement is the theatres, which are crowded during these feast days. The performances are continual, for Chinese

#### FOOLISH FOR GOD.

*A certain French youth of our own time sacrificed all that the world treasures to become an apostle in China, and there, having no more to give, he offered his life for his Friend.*

*The story of "Theophane Venard" has inspired many to follow in his path.*

*To place here or there a copy of his life may be the part that God is asking you to play in the apostolic drama of the world.*

## The Last of 1917.



BP. CUSACK OF ALBANY, WHO OFFICIATED AT THE DECEMBER ORDINATIONS.

## THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

(*To Maryknoll's Newly-Ordained.*)

"Go forth and teach all nations,"—  
Hark to the Master's voice!  
List to the peoples' sighing;  
Glad let thy heart rejoice!  
  
Go where souls faint and famish,  
Bring them the Bread of Life;  
Arm for the struggle bravely,—  
Souls are the fruit of strife!  
  
Go to the lands in darkness,  
Bearing the Gospel light;  
Go where the Savior reapeth,—  
Thy harvest fields are white.  
  
Go, and may God be with thee!  
Zeal be thy beacon star,  
"The world for Christ" thy watchword,  
Priests of the field afar!  
Fr. Melvin. C.S.S.R.      Dec. 1917

JOSEPH may have had a brilliant coat of many colors, but to the artistic effects wrought by some of the Maryknoll needle-drivers it compared as the morning mist to the rainbow.

Herein is a most worthy thing. methinks, for the missioner will usually have no one to rivet his buttons but himself.

But while we subscribe faithfully to that delightful periodical "Every Holey Man His Own Tailor," it sometimes happens that the merry Knollers run out of holes to mend, and have to sit around waiting for renewals.

It is but natural then that they welcome those materials suitable for hole-making which our friends occasionally send us.

In other words, while knocking about the farm, or doing stunts in the paint and repair line, the brothers do not wear their very best Prince Alberts. No, they wear somebody else's and save their own—for China.

Having spent fifteen years among the head hunters of Borneo, "Padre Julio," the only missioner at Maryknoll insulated with whiskers, saw no reason for dodging a common Ford. Accordingly he loomed up on Bro. Chauffeur's horizon one day last Sunday and handed an ultimatum to His Fordness, the Iron Duke.

Within twenty-two minutes as the crow flies he had met and mastered, on the basis of Christian Science, the biology of Maryknoll's pride, and returned to the garage with the tongue of the speedometer hanging out. The once indomitable spirit of the Duke is badly bent and he trembles now whenever his master draws nigh. It is a common sight to see the Padre speeding the chariot along at forty miles an hour with one foot, while calmly filling his pipe with the other.

As a health restorer such treatment can't be equalled, and besides being a very material help to the schedule-crowded Knollers, Padre Julio finds his open air driving chaufs most beautiful roses on the cheeks.

To the list of "what am" at Maryknoll, there has lately been added an amphibious skating rink, made by throwing up a dike around the tennis court and praying for rain.

Thinking we were subscribing to the wishes of Mr. Hoover, and anxious to do our bit in saving our bites, we placed "iced skating" on the menu as the regular after-dinner dessert, but experience shows that this practice, instead of being an economy, defeats its purpose by increasing the appetites for supper.

We've noticed this hitch in other spheres as well. For instance: to save coal, we burn wood. But cutting the wood develops pangs of hunger so enormous as to demand for their quieting more than the price of the coal saved.

Again, we get up earlier to save daylight, but it is so measly dark we have to use electric—which means more coal gone, of course.

Finally, we find the disease contagious, for the chicks and the moo-cows have entered so wholeheartedly into the "economy propaganda" that we don't get enough milk now to float our weekly egg.

Altogether we are sore puzzled over the outcome, but we'll stick with our eyebrows and hoover along somehow.

Meatless days? The idea! Of course we have meatless days—every week. We've always had them. The kind, y'know, where you can't possibly get both ends to meet, no matter how you stretch them.

N. B.—We had a beautiful photo to go here, but when it was printed it looked like nothing but a worm's eye view of our woodshed at about 11:30 on a moonless night. Careful of our reputation, we omit it from the present issue.

Thank you! Now you may continue reading from where you left off.

But, as we were saying when you interrupted, noble reader, we have now a glassy skating rink to dissipate our worries. The students from the ice huts of New England stagger along quite gracefully on their skates, feeling at home, but to tell the truth the ambassadors from the sunny South seem to get more real pleasure out of it—and they always come up for more.

Recently one of the commissary department, toting a jug of not-yet cider vinegar, thought the rink a short cut to his destination. When in the middle he paused abruptly and seemed to be indulging in some private astronomical observations. Will our tried and faithful little brown jug e'er again

greet the babbling spigot? "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

With heavy heart we reverently placed the remains in the tinny urn that holds the ashes of our friends, but the contents of the jug were gone forever and had frozen in an amber patch so delightfully smooth that many have since remarked what a wonderful skate can be had on cider sufficiently hard.

Our new aspirants, eight students and two lay-brothers, were invested with cassock and cincture by the Very Reverend Paul Francis, S.A., Superior of the Society of the Atonement, at Graymoor, N. Y., and widely known as the editor of "*The Lamp*." The cordial relations between Graymoor and Maryknoll are a source of mutual pleasure and gratification. The foundation of this brotherly friendship lies in one of Graymoor's special aims, the conversion of pagan souls.

On the same occasion, Fr. Paul introduced Maryknoll to the Right Reverend Aelred Carlyle, O.S.B., Abbot of Caldey, England. Our readers will recall the reception into the Catholic Church of the Anglican community at Caldey, a few years ago, when the conversion of its Superior was the occasion of a similar step by his fellow religious.

Despite the brevity of his visit, the Right Reverend Abbot learned to feel at home, and on leaving promised to return to Maryknoll for a more extended visit.

At present he is acquainting the American people with his project of establishing in England a preparatory school for boys, to be conducted by the Caldey monks.

The need of priests in England

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year two thousand dollars, enough to provide for eight students. We are believers in the 'little-from-the-many' idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

will soon be unusually great, and no time should be lost in marshalling all forces, spiritual and material, so as to take best advantage of the rare opportunity for Catholicism now offered in England, as a result of the war which is making men "think in their hearts" as never before.

To illustrate this fact, the Abbot told us that so numerous are the instances in Belgium where a

A little play has been received from a good friend of THE FIELD AFAR, with the following letter:

Dear Father:

Here a few example copy which careful I have wrote it after Our Martyr place on Vénard School

It were prepared by myself and I found it lovely and remarkable to insert in Our Magazine Field Afar to make laugh to Our benefactor, and in the meantime it have beautiful word for those who afraid firmly and to have as the nothingness of men.



VERY REV. PAUL RT. REV. AELRED FR. NORBERT,  
FRANCIS, S.A. CARLYLE, O.S.B. O.S.B.

crucifix or a statue of Our Blessed Lady has been left untouched amid the ruins of churches and chapels wholly demolished by shell fire, that a tremendous spiritual impression has been made on the minds of all, and as a consequence it is no uncommon sight today to find, in the very streets of London, shrines erected to Our Lord or Our Lady, with flowers and candles, and kneeling benches that are rarely vacant. We venture the hope and the prayer that such a beneficent spiritual sense will endure long beyond the end of the war.

*It is taking by a book of a saint so long years ago or well to say in year 256 in the Second century.*

*If here it please you Father. I hope will read it in the next Field Afar.*

*Sincere in Christ,  
HORACE ALOYSIUS.*

Some time in the near future we hope to have room for this touching little drama. In the meantime we wish penspeed to our dramatist friend, and assure him he need never "enclose return postage." (This is the pinnacle of literary success—than which there is no higher.)

*Send for a Chi-Rho (key-ro) pin and wear it.*



LAST month was so full of events that it resembled a kaleidoscope, but one of the happenings that stands out especially was a visit from our Father in Christ, the Right Reverend Bishop of Scranton. Like the Greeks, he came "bringing gifts;" this time in the shape of a contribution from his library, to our great pleasure. We were anxious to show our distinguished visitor the new Chapel, but, as luck had it, the painter had absconded with the key to prevent the boys from spoiling his work, and the locked door resisted even the open sesame of a Bishop's presence.

Christmas is the one day in the year that every one likes to spend at home, and perhaps that is why the boys spent their Christmas at the Vénard. At any rate, spend it here they did, and it was a happy Christmas in the way that only the Divine Child can make happy. We confess that we came down to earth sufficiently to en-

the right mood, and it was easy to go back in spirit two thousand years, as we assembled in the Chapel for the Holy Sacrifice. Some thoughtful friends saw that we had flowers; the music was musical; the crib was a distinct aid to devotion, and the Mass itself was like every Mass,—something that is better described by the angels in Heaven.

Mirth and quip collaborated in an impromptu entertainment that held the boards on Xmas night. Every bit of it registered, for while none of the performers is given to reciting "The other one was Booth," nevertheless each proved to have something up his sleeve beside his arm. These little affairs are coming to be something of a feature in our school life to which we all look forward, because, to be perfectly frank, there is talent in the house. Besides there is no box office to our theatre.

New Year's Day came, with its good resolutions, and we started it bravely by making lots of them. The thought uppermost in all minds was that of God's goodness to us during the past year, attended by the speculation as to whether we can expect to be so blessed



AT THE VÉNARD—WHEN THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY VISITED THE YOUNGSTERS.

joy hockey, plum pudding, and the splendid weather, but through it all Heaven seemed a little closer, and it was not difficult to realize that the earth was celebrating the wonderful mystery of God's love.

Midnight Mass was, of course, the big thing,—a quiet, simple ceremony, but impressive and charged with the spirit that is abroad only at this time. The Christmas carols, for which our songsters sacrificed their own and everybody else's sleep, put us in just

in this present year of grace. That thought was soon a hope, and as quickly became a prayer, for we think we know the secret of success in this business.

Poor old General Public is getting pretty much of a raw deal these days, with prices sky high and all sorts of demands on his limited pocket-book, so that we have been keeping the soft pedal on the want column lately, and throwing what little influence we have

**The Field Afar** will be sent for one year to *any one address*:  
 10 copies (12 issues) for \$8.00  
 25 " " " 20.00  
 50 " " " 40.00  
 100 " " " 80.00

along these lines to the boys "over there," who so rightly deserve all that this generous country can give them. In spite of this natural attitude, however, some of the crumbs that fall from the table happen to fall our way, chiefly through the agency of our good friends throughout the valley, who cannot forget, even at this time, those other souls "over there," who are in darkness and the shadow of death. And the great feast of the Epiphany, coming to remind us of Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles, served to remind us of the wisdom of those who let nothing interfere with the advancement of His cause, served to recall and impress the fact that this, after all, is the important thing, and that that day is lost which does not contribute something to bring closer together the vast pagan world and the religion of Christ.

**PLEASE remember in prayer:**

Edmund Collins	Mother Regis
Leo Norton	Mother Molloy, R.S.H.
Mary Norton	Mother White, R.S.H.
Matthew Casey	Sr. M. Edward, O.S.D.
James Murray	Sr. Mary Byrne
Honora Richards'n	Sr. St. Cyrille
Ellen Connell	Mrs. C. Graf
Mary Salles	J. J. Musgrave
Frank Salles	Carl Meisch
Lillian Salles	Joseph Meisch
Mrs. C. Rohle	George Meisch
Charles Rohle	Mrs. M. Hollywood
Julian Rohle	John Hollywood
Patrick Flannagan	Mary Carey
Anna Flannagan	Mrs. L. Carty
Grace King	F. A. Daly
Wallie King	James McNichol
Louis Heigens	Ellen Crowley
Daniel Mack	Mrs. A. Murray
Mrs. Coughlan	Wm. O. McInerney
Timothy Donovan	Mrs. Ditrixhe
Mrs. Tschabrunn	Jacob Klein
Mortimer Buckley	James Carroll
Mrs. J. Cummings	Terrence Marron
John McAllister	Annie Marron

Catholics! Are you praying for the conversion of China, as the Holy Father directs, and are you willing to do something to promote this blessed work? Show that you are by ordering now "The Christian Historic Witness," a booklet circulated in the interest of the Chinese Missions. God wishes your co-operation. Will you give it? Catholic Societies especially are urged to bestir themselves. Booklets by mail 7c each, 6 for 25c, 50 for \$2.00, 100 for \$3.00. Rev. J. Phelan, Unity Publishing Co., Grand Junction, Iowa.

## Christmas Angels.



The New Year's mail bags promise to be as full as ever.

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Religious articles; books and magazines; globe; old clothes; surplus; razor.

Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Conn., D. C., Pa., Mich., R. I., Ky., N. Y., Mass., O., N. B.

Old jewelry from Conn.

## RECEIVED AT THE VENARD.

Books; clothing; dishes; household linen; curtains.

From the cradle of THE FIELD AFAR comes this message from one of its first supporters:

I certainly would not want to be without THE FIELD AFAR. I enjoy my paper very much and when I have finished with it I pass it on and it often gathers a few crumbs for your work. I was among your first subscribers and wish you every success.

## NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

**Living:** A. K.; G. D. W.; C. T. W.; R. A. McC.; K. M.; Mrs. E. D. L. and Sr. M. C.; Mrs. M. K. S.

**Deceased:** Ellen Crowley; Thomas and Bridget Killion; Francis M. Nolan; Annie Nolan; Julia Nolan; Mrs. Mary Kenney; Mrs. Daniel Kenney; Thomas Kenney; William Kenney; George Kenney.

The signal for a *Children of Mary Burse*—suggested by "A friend in Newport"—was caught in Wilkes-barre, Pa., and bids fair to attract wider attention. This Burse appeals to the *E. de M's.* and to the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin.

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	SUBSCRIBERS
Arkansas	\$21.00	36
California	118.55	4
Colorado		1
Connecticut	154.80	36
Delaware	25.00	
District of Columbia	24.99	
Florida		1
Georgia	1.00	1
Idaho	5.00	1
Illinois	123.00	10
Indiana	7.00	
Iowa	29.00	2
Kansas	1.00	1
Kentucky	1.25	
Louisiana	5.00	1
Maine	66.00	1
Massachusetts	7.75	6
Maryland	630.12	21
Michigan	39.00	
Minnesota	25.60	5
Missouri	7.01	5
Montana	7.00	
Nebraska	14.60	1
New Hampshire	4.00	1
New Jersey	63.00	8
New York	815.70	1,863
New Mexico	3.00	
No. Carolina	1.00	
No. Dakota	1.00	
Ohio	83.50	5
Oregon	1.00	
Pennsylvania	345.84	1,071
Rhode Island	92.98	5
So. Dakota	9.00	
So. Carolina		2
Texas	1.00	1
Vermont	3.00	2
Washington		1
West Virginia	.50	2
Wisconsin	14.11	
Wyoming	100.00	

## FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska	1.00	
Canada	112.10	1
Cuba	1.00	
Ireland		1
New Brunswick	1.00	
Nova Scotia	2.00	

Total of New Subscribers 3,098

This was the letter:

I am sorry I cannot send something for the new St. Joseph's, but I will not forget Maryknoll when I can do something, nor will I forget to say a prayer for the missions, the poor missions, and in particular Father Walsh and your noble work.

And this the postscript:

I had such good news today—one more raise in pay. I am so happy and thankful. Now I can be generous and make a little offering for Christ's missions.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continually, one of our students for the priesthood.

## MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
St. Willibord Burse	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse	5,000.
Father B. Burse	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	5,000.
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	5,000.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,535.05
Anonymous Catechist Fund	1,100.00
Bread Fund	568.38
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1918, 2,706,391 "

For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,743,609 "

## VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1918, 1,140,150 "

For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,859,850 "

Son of a long line of fighters, a Catholic Chaplain of the regular army writes:

I rejoice to see how you have succeeded in the undertaking, and pray that God may continue to give you success.

The world calls on the people of the United States for soldiers in political war and it is getting them by the thousands. I am sure that the heathen world is calling on the people of the United States for soldiers in the religious war. I pray that God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, may send you a thousand Seminarians and give you the means to support them, here in the Seminary and later in their missions in heathen lands, to civilize and convert these to God and His Holy Church.



Here is one dollar for St. Martha's. St. Joseph will be able to take care of his institution. (Denton, Tex.)

St. Martha's new laundry appeals to me strongly—I have laundry troubles of my own. (Cambridge.)

I do not like to show partiality, so I enclose one dollar for St. Joseph's and one for the laundry. (Hart, Conn.)

I should like some of this hundred dollars to go to the new laundry, but if you have any preference use it to suit yourself. (Cincinnati, O.)

The first appeal ever made to me in the name of my own dear patron saint is irresistible. Martha's work must still go on, besides Mary's better part. I enclose a check for \$5 for St. Martha's laundry. (Norwood, Mass.)

I am glad to think that although I am a working girl I can spare this. I hope you will not think it small of me to send this little bit, but will excuse me because this is all I have to spare just now. (Hartford, Conn.)

Please accept the enclosed mite for St. Martha's laundry. I saved it by taking my little girl to City Hall to be vaccinated free, instead of going to our doctor as I first intended. (Worcester, Mass.)

You may apply this dollar to the new St. Joseph's or to the laundry, whichever needs the patch most. In the meantime, I have my opinion of a man who solicits a favor and in the same breath tells you that when you send it he will not be there to receive it, but will be away off in some outlandish part of the globe making ready to fasten the burden of civilization on a lot of poor heathens. However, I hope all the other victims who received the circular will try to do their bit as I have. I was scared into it by the savage-visaged Charlie Chink at the top of one page.



I am only a poor mill girl, but I think my dollar as good as a banker's, so I am enclosing money-order for \$2. (Newton, Mass.)

The new St. Martha's appeals to me. The Teresians have my sympathy, for I know what it is to try to wash under difficulties. Enclosed find one dollar. I wish it were more. (Charlestown, Mass.)

I am a poor old woman with very little to give and with many calls for assistance but I try to help all I can in a small way. You said I might give to St. Joseph's or St. Martha's—well, after Our Blessed Mother no saint is so dear to me as St. Joseph.



#### THE MARIA CIRCLES.

A BUSINESS-LIKE note from the Staten Island Circle closes thus interestingly:

Last Thursday we held another little "Rummage Sale" for the benefit of Maryknoll and were able to gather \$17.90. This, added to the proceeds of our former sale—\$36.10—brings the total up to \$54, for which sum we are enclosing money-order.

The first Maryknoll Circle in Canada, formed under the guidance of the Canadian priest-friend referred to in the last issue, sends the following report, which may well prove suggestive to sodalities nearer home:

Our Circle is composed of twenty girls of the Holy Angels Sodality. We are all working girls and our ages range from thirteen to seventeen. For the present we call ourselves the Maria Circle but at our next meeting we shall choose a particular name. We meet at each other's houses every Friday evening at 7.30. Fr. Dutton generally attends. The meeting is opened with a few short prayers. We then listen to

a brief talk on Maryknoll and the missions, and afterwards Fr. Dutton reads us a nice story. The members pay five cents each at each meeting. We shall send the collections to you monthly, and also some money for mission books which can be given in turn to the members to read. We are glad to know our five dollars reached Maryknoll safely. Fr. Dutton gave me the Maryknoll pin and I shall show it at the next meeting and encourage all the members to send for one. Please send us some more of the leaflets about the mite box, so that each member may have one with her box. (Toronto.)

Have you heard of an "Irish Jew?" We think there is one in Westfield, of the gentler sex, for she writes:

We have decided on the following little scheme whereby we may defraud that clever Maryknoll! The Post Cards won instant favor. Please send us 500, for which we will pay the required sum of \$2.50—but we shall sell them for one cent each. This will give us a surplus of \$2.50, which we shall use for our own private end—if a *Circle* may be said to have an end!—and you needn't ask what that end is, either! If later we tell you that it will go to swell St. Patrick's Burse you needn't be surprised.

We were remarking last evening how frightfully slow our "special" is in climbing up. Some voiced the hope that some good rich person would finish it soon—but the rich have other interests. From now on we shall pray to our dear Saint to inspire some one to accomplish the good deed. He is gathering forces now in Ireland of his love to send out apostles to spread the Faith and we must make him show his ability to raise a few thousand dollars in this great land.

If you like the Post Card scheme pass it along. Our members are all very enthusiastic and when the children come home for the Christmas vacation we are going to plan a little Post Card propaganda for the schools—if it will be allowed.

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